



feithful, and ful of stabilite.
Good hope alwey kepe by thy syde,
And Swete Thought make eek abyde,
Swete Loking and Swete Speche;
Of alle thyn harmes they shal be leche.
Of every thou shalt have greet plesaunce;
If thou canst byde in sufferaunce,
And serve wel without feyntise,
Thou shalt be quit of thyn emprise,
With more guerdoun, if that thou live;
But at this tyme this I thee yive.

THE God of Love whan at
the day
Had taught me, as ye have
herd say,
And enfourmed compen-
diously,
He vanished away at sodeynly,
And I alone lefte, al sole,
So ful of compleynt and of dole,
For I saw no man ther me by.
My woundes me greved wondirly;
Me for to curen nothing I knew,
Save the botoun bright of hew,
Wheron was set hoolly my thought;
Of other comfort knew I nought,
But it were through the God of Love;
I knew nat elles to my bihove

That might me ese or comfort gete,
But if he wolde him entermete.
THE roser was, withoute doute,
Closed with an hegge withoute,
As ye toforn have herd me seyn;
And fast I bisied, and wolde fayn
Have passed the hays, if I might
Have gotten in by any slight
Unto the botoun so fair to see.
But ever I dradde blamed to be,
If men wolde have suscepcioun
That I wolde of entencioun
Have stole the roses that ther were;
Therefore to entre I was in fere.
But at the last, as I bithought
Whether I sholde passe or nought,
I saw come with a gladde chere
To me, a lusty bachelere,
Of good stature, and of good hight,
And Bialacoil forsothe he hight. **Bialacoil**
Sone he was to Curtesey,
And he me graunted ful gladly
The passage of the outer hay,
And seide: Sir, how that ye may
Passe, if it your wille be,
The fresshe roser for to see,
And ye the swete savour fele.
Your warrant may I be right wele;



So thou thee kepe fro folye,
Shal no man do thee vilanye.
If I may helpe you in ought,
I shal not feyne, dredeth nough
For I am bounde to your servys;
Fully devoide of feyntise.

THAN unto Bialacoil said
I thank you, sir, ful herti;
And your biheest I take
That ye so goodly profer me;
To you it cometh of greet fraun
That ye me profer your servyse.
Than afir, ful deliverly,
Through the breres anon went
Wherof encombred was the hay
I was wel plesed, the soth to sa-
To see the botoun fair and swo-
So fresshe spronge out of the
And Bialacoil me served wel,
Whan I so nygh me mighte fele
Of the botoun the swete odour,
And so lusty hewed of colour.

BUT than a cherl, foule hi
Bisyde the roses gan hi
To kepe the roses of th
Of whom the name was Daung
This cherl was hid there in the
Covered with graspe and with l



the whom that he fond
putte an hond.
for ther was mo;
ere other two
ners, and yvel fame. **Wikked,**
lepid, by his name, **Tonge**
e, God yeve him sorwe!
ve, ne at morwe,
nan no good speke;
t man doth he wreke.
imman eek, that bight **Shame**
who can reken right,
hir fadir name,
oun; and thus was Shame
ot of these ilk two.
espas never ado
ne never ley hir by,
us and ugly,
at Trespas hight;
nceyveth, of a sight,
I spak afor. **Chastitee**
han that Shame was thus born,
ordeyned, that Chastitee
e of the roser lady be,
botouns more and las,
folk assailed was,
wiste what to do.
assailith so,